

KITTY BALL

Evansville and East St. Louis
Offered Fulton and Har-
risburg Places.

The Cairo meeting of the Kitty League magnates Sunday was transferred to Evansville and proved to be very important.

The members of the league present at the meeting were M. J. Farnbaker of Cairo; President C. C. Gosnell of Vincennes; N. F. Dortch, vice president of the league, Hopkinsville; Alfred Levy, business manager of the Paducah club, and Jake Zimbro of Henderson.

Reorganization of the Kitty league is to include East St. Louis, Ill., and Evansville as new cities to succeed Harrisburg and Fulton. The other six cities in the league last year to be retained. They are Cairo, Clarksville, Hopkinsville, Paducah, Vincennes and Henderson.

East St. Louis was discussed at the meeting as a prospect for a berth in the Kitty succeeding Fulton, which it was positively settled, will not be in that organization next season. Harrisburg has already been dropped.

East St. Louis is a city of about 60,000. The Kitty magnates hope that city's addition to the circuit because of its size, will make a Kitty berth more acceptable to Evansville.

With Evansville and East St. Louis represented in the league the Kitty circuit would advance to the ranks of Class C Baseball. National commission rules give this class to circuits where the total population of its towns reaches 200,000.

Evansville has the matter under advisement and East St. Louis will be visited by M. J. Farnbaker to see how the situation is there. Another meeting will be held soon.

The Kitty season will close on Labor day; it was decided by unanimous vote. The schedule shall call for not more than within six of 100 games. The season will open the latter part of May.

President C. C. Gosnell sprung a surprise when he announced emphatically he would no longer continue as head of the league. Mr. Gosnell explained that other business matters would prevent him from figuring in baseball at Vincennes any more at all.

Election of officers and naming the salary limit were deferred until the next meeting.

Pension Figures.

Chicago, Jan. 22.—Pensions totaling \$281,457 were paid last year by the subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, according to announcement made here today. Among other subsidiary companies, the following paid out the amounts indicated: American Steel & Wire Co., \$86,536; Illinois Companies, \$16,158; Carnegie Steel Co., \$81,505; Marquette Range, \$4,015.

NOTICE.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Jan. 8, 1912.
Notice is hereby given of an intention to consolidate The Capital Gas & Electric Light Co., The Bowling Green Gas Light Co., The Owensboro Gas Light Co., and The City Light Co. into a single corporation.
By orders of the Board of Directors.
THE CITY LIGHT CO.,
By M. E. BROWNE, President

Giles county, Tenn., has a belled buzzard that has been seen off and on for seven years.

HOLLAND'S
OPERA HOUSE
TUESDAY JAN. 23
THE SOCIETY DRAWA OF MERIT
O. E. WEE OFFERS
A
GIRL
OF THE
MOUNTAINS
IN 4 ACTS
BY LEM B. PARKER
A DRAMATIC CREATION!
A GREAT HUMAN MOTIVE!
STRONG IN EMOTION
BEAUTIFUL IN SENTIMENT
DELICIOUS COMEDY
PRICES--25c 30c 50c 75c
Seats on Sale at Anderson-Fowler Drug Co., Incorporated.

To Hear Complaints of Property Raisers.

After an adjournment of ten days, the county board of tax supervisors reconvened yesterday for a session of five days to hear the complaints of those whose assessments have been increased. In the event the complaints are believed to be just ones, relief will be given by the board, but if no cause is shown why the raise should not stand, no change will be made by the board at its second meeting.

Myrick-West.

Mr. Ray Myrick and Miss Katie M. West married Saturday morning at the home of the bride, Rev. H. R. Kasey performing the ceremony. They left at once for Louisville on an early train, where they will reside. The groom was formerly an employee of the American Express Co. here. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. West.

Articles Filed.

Articles of incorporation of the E. W. Clark and Company have been filed with the County Clerk. The Capital stock is \$1,500. The incorporators are E. W. Clark, I. S. Ferguson, and Mrs. E. W. Clark. The new corporation will do a printing business, handle periacetic, rubber stamps, etc.

Dr. Wiley's Latest.

Washington, Jan. 22.—Declaring his belief that most of the drunkenness in America originates in clubs, Dr. Harvey Wiley, pure food expert for the government, advances as a solution for a critical situation that all drinking men and men who treat be forced to take out individual licenses.

Sister of Chief Justice.

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 22.—Miss Eliza White, sister of Chief Justice Edward Douglas White, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is dead at the Sprague Sanatorium. Miss White was about sixty years old.

Here and There

A man at Jonesboro, Tenn., has a hen 16 years old that raised three broods of chickens last year.

There are now only 58 cases of meningitis in the hospital at Dallas, Texas. The epidemic is rapidly subsiding.

R. J. Carothers, Jr., has accepted a position with J. K. Twyman in his Main Street store.

Notice to Tax Payers.

All taxes not paid for 1911 must be paid immediately, as we have to make our settlement by Feb. 1st, 1912.
LOWE JOHNSON, S. C. C.

Mr. Jas. H. Anderson, of Knoxville, is in the city.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS

are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People no longer go looking about for things they want—they go to their newspaper for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns

Should Contain Your Ad

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WEST STRONG FOR WOODROW WILSON

Rank and File of the Party in That Great Section Recognize His Worth.

HAS REDEEMED HIS PLEDGES

His Actions as Chief Executive of the State of New Jersey Show His Political Ability and Integrity—Loyal to People.

BY CHARLES G. HEIFNER,
Chairman of Democratic State Committee of Washington.

I know pretty accurately the sentiment of the rank and file of the democrats of the West. They are strongly in favor of Woodrow Wilson for our Presidential nominee next year. I feel sure that this statement will hold good in every state west of the Mississippi River. I recently spent some time in the east on business that brought me in touch with a number of influential business men. Incidentally I have had occasion to discuss political conditions with these men and I am glad to say that, regardless of past party affiliations, I find them strongly in favor of Governor Wilson. It is not difficult to ascertain the cause of this faith and trust and confidence on the part of farmers, wage workers and business men in the political ability and integrity of Woodrow Wilson. He kept the faith. A year ago while a candidate for Governor of New Jersey he made certain pledges and promises to the people of that trust ridden state. The people took him at his word and elected him, the first democrat to be elected Governor in that state in sixteen years, and to the gratifying amazement of all honest men and to the utter consternation of the political tricksters he and his loyal supporters in the legislature proceeded to enact laws and carry out plans in exact conformity with his pledged word to the people. Among the plain people everywhere he has come to be regarded as a man whose performances square with his promises. Just such a man is imperatively needed as the chief executive of the United States. Having demonstrated his practical capacity to accomplish things in his own state, though one branch of the legislature was of opposite political faith, it is not surprising that there is such an overwhelming demand for his elevation to the White House.

All Favor Wilson.
I believe the State of Washington will send a delegation to the next Democratic National Convention favorable to Governor Wilson for our presidential candidate, and I might say further that I believe he is the only democrat who can get the electoral vote of that state, and other Western States. We democrats out there are not unmindful of the merited consideration which other great democrats are receiving at the hands of their fellow citizens throughout the country, but we believe Governor Wilson, more nearly than any other avowed candidate, typifies in his record and his personality, those qualities and characteristics which the average American is proud to see exemplified in the President of his country. Hence, his popularity in the East, the West, the North and the South. His record as a scholar, an educator, an historian and as student and writer on social and economic subjects all combine to equip him to be just what he is today—a finished orator, a great statesman and our logical leader in solving the great industrial and financial questions which now disturb the business world, and which the republican party has proved itself incapable either to understand or to solve. Governor Wilson is progressive in that he is not wedded to the mildewed past or to precedent to such an extent as to make him timid and afraid to meet the demands of the present hour. I am for him because he stands for genuine representative government—the actual rule of the people after careful consideration of all governmental matters coming before them. He would free trade and commerce of the imposts and handicaps with which they are now burdened. He would place on the statute books a law regulating inter-state commerce so clear, so concise, so just and so definite that all men and all corporations would not be left in doubt as to whether they were complying with or violating the law. He would thus place our industrial affairs upon a solid and legitimate foundation, freed from uncertainty and distrust.

In his record as Governor of New Jersey he has literally lived up to and exemplified in his every act the time honored tenet of democracy: "Equal rights for all, special privileges to none."

He will bring to the discharge of his duties as chief magistrate of the nation, the right scholarship of a Bancroft, a Lowell and a Hawthorne, all of whom held political office; he will have had the experience that comes from practical administration and executive responsibilities, and in every respect he will worthily rank with those other great leaders of democracy whose achievements make brighter and more glorious the pages of American history. These are some of the reasons why I am for him and why the American people are for him.

First Brought Out in One of Johnson's Plays When Actor Delivers Panegyric.

The solace of most men and a few women was first brought upon the stage in this country by Ben Johnson in "Every Man in His Humor," in which Captain Bobadil appears smoking a pipe, in company with others addicted to the same practice, and who are contemptuously styled in the stage direction "a rout of stinkards." Bobadil is made to break out into the following high-flown panegyric of the weed: "Sir, believe me on my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, and where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of nine-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but it is most divine, especially your Trinidad. Your Nicotian is good, too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and most precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."—Dundee Advertiser.

WAS A SENSITIVE BOARDER

Landlady's Innocent Remark Is Taken Seriously by Hypersensitive Young Man.

"When a man is down, he is unduly sensitive. He takes for slurs and insults what are really the most innocent remarks."

The speaker, Henry E. Dixey, was commiserating with a New York playwright who had just had another failure.

"Cheer up, my boy," said Mr. Dixey. "You're as hypersensitive as the boarder who cut his throat with the bread knife."

"This boarder, finding the coffee rather muddy one morning, said to his landlady:

"What is the matter with the coffee, madam?"

"The landlady looked at him and in perfect innocence replied:

"It is very slow in settling."

"Then the boarder, whose bill was seventeen weeks behind, slew himself with the bread knife."

ENGLAND'S DECLINE.

Doctor Inge, the new dean of St. Paul's cathedral, London, paints a rather dark future for England. He says:

During the nineteenth century the United Kingdom collected a population of 46,000,000 people on two small islands. That was done while Englishmen were making England the workshop of the world. But England's coal supply is being exhausted with criminal recklessness; labor is no longer very good and is becoming extremely dear. The twentieth century is spendthrift heir to the nineteenth. When Englishmen cease to outwork and outsell other nations they must emigrate or starve. America in the future will be the center of the world's commerce, when the British fleet ceases to patrol the sea about Australia and New Zealand the yellow man, who is satisfied with a third of an Englishman's wages, will make short work of the trades unionists.

BARRED.

She was not in the least pretty, but of course that counted for nothing against her.

Likewise the fact that she could not dance or sing or crack jokes.

What stood definitely in the way of her success was the political situation in Europe.

"With not a monarchy left which a girl can hope to be instrumental in overthrowing, where is the necessary advertising to come from?" she reasoned. Saying which, with a gush of bitter tears, she abandoned the notion of getting into vaudeville in America.—Puck.

SUCCESSFUL AVIATOR.

"He's never been much of a success as an aviator, has he?"

"Why do you say that?"

"He's never broke any records."

"True, but he's been flying for two years now and hasn't spent more than two months in the hospital."

AND THEY FAIL.

"Why do you put so many matches in your pocket?"

"For my friends. They all carry electric cigar lighters."

His Apprenticeship

By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mr. John Degraw, the sturdy, steady old broker and banker, sat in the library of his office at home waiting for his son Perry to come in for an interview. Perry was a young man of twenty-eight, and there had been interviews in the past—many interviews. They had been held for Perry's benefit, but he had not seemed to benefit thereby.

This was to be a sort of farewell interview. Not that the father expected to die soon, or expected his son to die, or intended to turn him outdoors, but he had been saving up some vigorous opinions for a year past which were to be delivered on this occasion.

It may be said of Mr. Perry Degraw that he had an income—he belonged to three clubs—he thought he was fast—he had been abroad, and he was no masquerade. In spite of all he could do to be a tremendous fellow, he was considered to have principles and to be harmless. Perry was not a college graduate. He had developed no talent for business or profession. He was just taking things easy and getting ready to shoot tigers in India and elephants in Africa. The father had fretted and fumed more or less, but there had been no change.

Enter the son for the interview. The father sat with a stern look on his face.

"Oh, now, governor, I say, don't greet a fellow this way," said Perry, who had on his English morning suit and was speaking to match the checks.

"Son," said the father after a long look at him, "you are an ass!"

"B'jove, governor!"

"A silly ass, Perry!"

"You can't mean it!"

"Five times; ten times over. You are a cipher. You have a cabbage head on your shoulders. You would not know enough to come in when it rained if a policeman didn't give you a shove."

"Am I too fast, governor?" asked the astonished Perry.

"Too fast! Why, son, you don't know the meaning of the word. You couldn't be fast. You were never



"B'jove, Governor!"

drunk in your life. You never had over two cocktails in an evening. You never won or lost over \$5 on a horse race. The newspapers never refer to you as a high roller."

"But, Governor, the fellows all say—"

"It know it. They all say that you are a would-be, but you haven't the brains to blossom out. Sorry for you, son—mighty sorry. I know just how you must feel."

"But this isn't fair, doncher know," protested Perry.

"There you go with another of your sap-headed words! Lord, but what an empty pate! You spent three months in London, and you came back with English clothes and English 'donchers.' Does an Englishman go back home from the States to ape us and make a fool of himself?"

"That's a new one on me, Governor. I must get that off at the club. Is the interview at an end?"

"Almost. I just want to say that the other day you quite finished your career as a braying ass. It has come to my ears that you made a wager with another of your ilk that you would have the widow Strong in love with you within a year."

"Yes, Governor—a bet of ten dollars," complacently replied the son.

"And you have never even been introduced to her!"

"Never, Gov."

"By thunder, but you are forty fools rolled into one! What's a father to do with such an offspring?"

"Oh, I'll win the wager all right. Got me little plan all worked out. It's tremendous, Gov.—positively tremendous. You will be surprised when it unfolds. You will discover that your son Perry has brains after all. B'jove you'll pat me on the back after it's all over!"

The father turned away and looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly said:

"Perry, we have never had a fool in the family that I have heard of, and I don't like the idea. It seems that I must put up with it, however. Do this much for me, please. Don't be just a common fool, but go in for

wager, get drunk. Get a flying chink.elope with somebody's wife. Kill three or four people with your auto. Start for the north pole. Go about with a hobble skirt on. If you'll go in to be the biggest fool in America I'll furnish you all the money you can make use of it."

"Sorry, Gov.—sorry—but I can't do it, ye know," was the reply. "Got my little plans to look out for. Would like to oblige, but must decline. No hard feelings, I hope. Thanks for your kind wishes. Bye."

Mr. Perry Degraw lived at his clubs and appeared at his father's mansion only at intervals. Sometimes he was seen only once a month. On this occasion he disappeared after the interview, and it was weeks before he was heard of again. There was a report that he was investigating the Panama canal, but it was not considered reliable. No one worried about him, however.

The widow Strong owned and occupied a mansion house forty miles from the city. She was still a young woman, a member of the best society, and wealthy. One afternoon, as her auto was brought to the door that she might proceed to a village four or five miles away, she made the discovery that her chauffeur was intoxicated. He was discharged on the spot, and just as a young man who looked to be a walking student came along. He saw the situation and offered his services. He claimed to have experience, and after some hesitation was engaged to run the auto for the trip. The results were twofold. The widow had heard of Perry Degraw's wager, and she believed she recognized the young man in the stranger who had arrived at the opportune moment. He was therefore engaged to act as chauffeur, gardener and man of all work.

It was plain that the new man knew all about an auto. Quite sure of his identity, the widow did as any other woman would have done. She kept him at work from morning till night. She found fault on all occasions. The cook was bidden to keep an eye on him, and he was treated a little worse than the average hired man. He bore everything without complaint and did his best to please. After a couple of weeks he dropped his "ye knows" and his "donchers," and he no longer struck tremendous attitudes. The change in him was noticed even by the cook.

The new man, who called himself Hopkins, and was familiarly known to the servants as "Hop," came to the manor house in midsummer. He was still there as winter set in. Not a word or a look had betrayed the fact that he was not Hopkins. The widow now felt sure, but she was simply a bit interested. Perhaps if something were to happen—

And one midwinter day Perry Degraw found his father in the library again. His arrival had not been expected. In his surprise the father looked up and said:

"Why, son, where did you leave it?"

"Down in the country, gov. Been a hired man for the Widow Strong ever since that basting you gave me."

"Why, you fool, did you go down there and—"

"Gently, gov. Stuck in a snowdrift four days ago in the auto. Mighty cold. Snow three feet deep. Widow freezing to death. Chauffeur carries her a mile in his arms and saves her precious life. She revives. Says she has known his identity all along. Says he is some fool, but not all fool. Says she rather likes him. Says it may come off in about three months. Wants to know, as I do, if you have anything to say about it."

The father hadn't. He simply reached out his hand for a shake.

STATUS OF SOUTH AMERICA

Too Little Is Known of the Republics of Chili, Brazil and Argentina.

"It is a mystery to me that the people of the United States do not know more about South America," said Capt. Alfredo R. Searle of the Chilean navy. Captain Searle spent two years as naval attaché of the Chilean legation in London, and is on his way to resume service at home.

"The impression seems general over here that South America is made up principally of the countries in the north, as Ecuador, Bolivia, Colombia and others, when they should know that the greatness of South America lies in the republics of Chile, Brazil and Argentina," continued Captain Searle.

"Chile has a navy of 15 battleships, mostly cruisers, with a naval enlistment of 5,000 men. Brazil has two dreadnoughts of 20,000 tons each, and Argentina, within a few months, will have the largest dreadnought in the world, a ship of 28,000 tons. The army in Chile numbers 5,000, but we could easily raise 200,000 men, most of whom would be well drilled. In the revolution of 1891 there were 30,000 troops engaged on each side. Both Brazil and Argentina could muster fully as large a number.

"There are other things Americans do not know about Chile, perhaps. We raise the best quality of wheat in South America, and make a grade of flour that will compete with the best this country can make. Our wool in Liverpool is frequently sold as the highest grade received there, equal in every respect to the Australian wool."—Washington Post.

Locating a Thrill.

"Tell you there's a regular thriller in this month's magazine."

"What's it about? Detectives, bacteria or financiers?"